POETRY.

From the German.

Memories of the Rhine.

As the summer moon shines rising
Through the dark and cloudlike trees,
So my soul 'mid shadowy memories
Still a gleaming picture sees.

All upon the deck were seated,
Proudly sailing on the Rhine;
And the shores in summer verdure
Gleamed in sunset's crimson shine.

And I rested, gently musing,
At a lovely lady's feet;
And her dear pale face was gleaming
In the sun rays soft and fleet.

Lutes were ringing, boys were singing,
Wonderous rapture o'er me stole;
Bluer, bluer grew the Heavens,
Fuller, higher swelled my soul.

Like a legend, wood and river
Hill and tower before me flies;
And I see the whole reflected
In the lady's lovely eyes.

VARIETY.

Correspondence of the Cincinnatti Gazette.

Railroad Correspondence.

CHARLESTON, June 30, 1860.

The principal road leading out of Charleston is the South Carolina Railroad, and this is the prominent Railroad of the State. The main track runs west to Augusta, 137 miles, where it connects with the Georgia roads.—A branch leads off at Branchville, 62 miles from Charleston, and runs North 68 miles to Columbia, connecting with the Charlotte Railroad and with the Railroad to Greenville. A branch also leads off from the Columbia branch at Kingsville, and runs East 38 miles to Camden.

This is a well conducted road, as are most of the Carolina Railroads; the speed of trains is about fourteen miles an hour, which is about the average speed on the Railroads of this section of the South, excepting the morning express train to the West; that train makes nineteen miles an hour. The roadbed is firm, hard and clean, and trains might be run at a high speed, but no one is in a hurry, and there is less danger and less expense in running slow. The trains run to accommodate the passengers, but the passengers never run to accommodate the trains.—People get on and off anywhere between stations. A man comes out of the woods, waves his handkerchief, and the train stops, backs up, and he leisurely gets aboard. There is time enough, and what is the use of getting in a sweat? Sure enough, what is the use?

This is the oldest Railroad of any length in this country; it was commenced in 1828, and was built and equipped—a portion of it at least was—in 1830; it was completed to Hamburg, 136 miles, in 1832, and was then the longest railroad in the world. This is the first railroad that introduced steam as a propelliug power, though there is a dispute between the South Carolina Railroad and the Liverpool and Manchester Railroad, which is less than seventy miles long, about the first use of steam.

At the time when the South Carolina Railroad was projected, it was considered an experiment, and a charter could not be obtained for a railroad to be worked by steam; but a charter was finally passed though the Legislature for "A Railroad or a Canal from Charleston to Hamburg on the Savannah river, to be worked by mules," which was amended by inserting "steam or mules," but not without some of the richest legislative debating on record. One of the enthusiastic advocates of the road said "the railroad could be built and worked by steam, and that it would carry, when completed, an average of ten passengers per day." Whereupon a motion was made and seconded to send him to the Insane Asylum, then just completed. A few leading men, some half dozen in number, carried out their project and built the railroad, and they are entitled to the eternal gratitude of this universal Yankee nation, for taking the lead in an enterprise that has resulted in such incalculable benefits,

The South Carolina Railroad and its branches are 242 miles long, and cost over $8,000,000, which has, however, been reduced by earnings to $7,000,000. But it was built when it was not known how to construct a railroad cheaply. It cost double what it would to build and equip it now; and yet this has been a paying road for the last twenty years. It pays a net income of over ten per cent., and its stock cannot be bought for fifteen per cent. premium.

The South Carolina Railroad runs through the poorest places in the State, but it has some great advantages—advantages that no other road in this State ever can have. It reaches the most important points, and connects with the most important roads. Its charter is a liberal one. The Legislature granted at length all that the Company asked for in their charter. One of the provisions of its charter is, that no other road shall ever be built running parallel within thirty miles of it.

The cost of constructing a railroad in the Southern half of this State is probably less than any place in the Union, unless it be Florida. The grading, ties and timber are items of comparatively small amount; and yet, only two roads in the State, the South Carolina and the Charlotte and South Carolina Railroads, both of which are partially controlled by the same Company, have ever declared a dividend; but the railroad business is improving, and most of the roads will eventually pay.

The Charleston and Savannah Railroad, connecting Charleston and Savannah, is 113 miles long. It was completed about 100 miles to the Savannah River last April. It strikes the river 13 miles above Savannah, and passengers over this road are, at the present time, conveyed between this point and Savannah by steam boat. The road will be finished on the other side of the river, down to Savannah, in August, and the bridge in February next. This road will, when completed, cost about $2,000,000. This will be the first railroad in this State built exclusively by slave labor.

A few railroad items have been furnished me by Col. John Caldwell, President of the South Carolina Railroad. He is as much the Railroad King of this State as Erastus Corning is of New York. There are in the State of South Carolina 879 miles of railroad now in operation, which have been built and equipped at a cost of $18,665,000.

The Northeastern Railroad, running from Charleston to Florence, was completed in 1857. It is 108 miles long, and cost $1,600,000.

The Greenville Railroad, running from Columbia to Greenville, 143 miles, with a branch from Cokesbury to Abbeville, 11 miles, and a branch from Belton to Anderson, 9 miles.—This road was completed in 1854. Capital stock, $1,429,000. Cost of construction and equipment, $2,800,000. This road has never paid a dividend; but is improving. Much of its construction has been from earnings.

The Wilmington and Manchester Railroad, running from Kingsville to Wilmington in North Carolina, is 171 miles long, about one-half of which is in North Carolina, was completed in 1854, and cost $2,500,000.

The Charlotte and South Carolina Railroad, running from Columbia to Charlotte, 108 miles, was completed in 1852, and cost $2,000,000.

The Cheraw and Darlington Railroad, connecting Florence and Cheraw, is 40 miles long. This road was completed in 1855, and cost $1,600,000.

The King's Mountain Railroad, running from Chesterville to Yorkville, 32 miles, was completed in 1833, and it cost $221,000.

T. H. U.

Rumored Resuscitation of Hicks, the Pirate.

The New York *Leader* publishes the following article, which is "important if true," and any way is calculated to make a sensation:

"There is now no further use in concealing that Albert W. Hicks, who was ostensibly executed for piracy, on Bedloe's Island, on the 13th of last July, is still living, though in a dangerous state, but likely to recover the full use of his faculties and limbs. The sight of his left eye is gone, and his left arm and left leg continue paralyzed; but apart from those injuries, he would appear to have suffered nothing, and his residence at his sister's house, in Poughkeepsie, has proved every way beneficial.

"It will be remembered that much comment was excited by the utterly fearless manner in which Hicks conducted himself, previous to his execution. He laughed at the gallows, and was only anxious, as he repeatedly said, to have "things conducted according to agreement;" in this agreement it is now believed that a prominent Federal officer had a part; and it is on record in the daily papers that he was present at the execution, wearing his Deputy Marshal's badge, although no longer in the Marshal's force.

"It was also remarked at the time, that Hicks was only pulled up a distance of two and-a-half feet—utterly insufficient to break his neck; and that he was only allowed to remain thirteen minutes hanging. He was then cut down and pronounced dead, after which his body was immediately handed over to the care of Doctors J. T. Bell and Henry D. O'Reiliy, of Brooklyn. These gentlemen are responsible for his resurrection, and the electro-chemical bath, invented by Professor Vergnes, was the immediate instrument.

"The body of the pirate was wrapped in warm blankets and removed at once to the house of Dr. O'Reilly, in Brooklyn, where Doctors O'Reilly and McIllery, of this city, were in attendance. The pulse was found to be wholly quiet, but after various experiments, the medical men came to the conclusion that it was only a case of suspended animation.—The body was therefore at once placed in the electro-chemical bath; and while subjected to the charges of the battery, and the action of the acids, Dr. Crane commenced a series of experiments for the inflation of the lungs.

"In the course of about two hours these were partially successful, the pirate beginning to give faint indications of respiration; and these cheering signs animated the medical men in attendance to redoubled exertions. A cautery was applied to the right foot, and received answer in an immediate contraction of the leg; the same experiment was repeated under the right ear, taking care not to injure the jugular vein, and the head at once commenced to roll in a manner indicating acute feeling.

"Very slowly but steadily Albert W. Hicks regained consciousness, though for several days unable to speak, his throat being too severely injured. It was then found that his left eye—the side on which the noose had been—had lost all power of sight, and that his left arm and left leg were utterly paralysed.

"In this condition he was conveyed to Poughkeepsie, where his sister, Mrs. Gaven lives; and under her roof he is now sheltered, though the friends of the family do not desire to give too much publicity to the fact.

Dr. Carnochan, though prevented from personal attendance by the severe indisposition which has prostrated him, took great interest in the case, and was an adviser in all its stages."

THE MISTAKES OF THE PRESS.—The most laughable case of "mistakes of the Printer," is that where there had been two articles prepared for the paper, (one concerning a sermon preached by an eminent divine, and the other about the freaks of a mad dog,) but, unfortunately, the foreman, in placing them into the form, "mixed" them, making the following *contretempts:*

"The Rev. James Thomson, rector of St. Andrew's Church, preached to a large concourse of people on Sunday last. This was his last sermon. In a few weeks he will bid farewell to his congregation, as his physicians advise him to cross the Atlantic. He exhorted his brethren and sisters, and after the expiration of a devout prayer, took a whim to cut up some frantic freaks. He ran up Timothy street to Johnson, and down Benefit street to College. At this stage of the proceedings, a couple of boys seized him, tied a tin kettle to his tail, and he again started. A great crowd collected, and for a time there was a grand scene of noise, running, and confusion. After some trouble, he was shot by a Jersey policeman."

TO PREVENT SKIPPERS IN HAMS.—In a communication to the "Cotton Planter," Mr. W. McWillie says:

"There is, according to my experience, nothing easier than to avoid the skipper and all worms and bugs that usually infest and often destroy so much bacon. It is simply to keep your smoke house dark, and the moth that deposits the egg will never enter it. For the past twenty-five years I have attended to this, and never have had any bacon troubled with any insect. I have now hanging in my smoke house hams one, two and three years old, and the eldest are as free from insects as when first hung up. I am not aware of other causes for the exemption of my bacon from insects but simply the fact that my smoke house is always kept dark. Before adopting this plan, I had tried many experiments, but always either without success or with injury to the flavor of my bacon. I smoke with green hickory—this is important, as the flavor of bacon is often utterly destroyed by smoking it with improper wood."

A LONG HORSE.—A traveler who rode a horse of very large size, and especially of uncommon length, lately stopped at a public house in the western part of Massachusetts, and ordered his steed to be put in the stable. Feeling anxious for the comfort of his four-footed companion, he afterwards inquired of the hostler if he had put up his horse as he directed.

"Why yes, I've put one end of him; he is so long I had to leave the other end in the orchard."

MISCELLANY.

A Solemn Address to my Merstash.

BY SYNON-Y-MOUS.

Oh thou preshus little bunch of capillery!
I'm settin fore a glass; or moar
Hifalutinly speakin, a mirror, looken
Rite at yew, viewin yore stupenjus (over the left)
Proporshuns, with a critick's i. Yes, yer ar
Very huge, 'bout as long as a flea's leg.
Why don't yer grow sum, and look
Like tother peepul's? you good for nuthin'
Little critter. Ain't yer shamed
To set rite thar in frunt uv mi fase
That wai and not gro sum, whyle
Everybody's makin phun uv yer?
Yer culler ain't nun 2 purty,
Neither. Kind of a sandy yaller
Reddish hue, mixt with a little whyte.
O thou
Delekit bunch of hair, I'll tell yer
What's the fac, ef yer don't grow faster
Nor what you hav bin growin' I'll taik
Yer rite over ter *bill barrett*, the barber,
An' maik him black yer jest as
Black as a nigger, an' then you'll
Look swete, wont yer? And ef yer
Git ter cutten up about me, I'll haul
That that thar old whyte razer uv myne,
An' just slash yer rite orf. Then what'll
Becum of yer? who will ye have ter
Taik yer round town and sho yer orf, then?
Sai, who will yee have ter take yer ter
The surcus and theatre an ter sea
The gals, & so forth? Why, noboddie.
Yer'l be
Left in the suds. No person wil
Evur trubbul themselvés 'bout yer like.
Eve hav, ole hoss, so yer'd better pitch
In an' gro sum!

Remorse of Conscience.

A TERRIBLE RETRIBUTION!

Henri Du Barre, a young French artist, became enamored of the only daughter of a well-to-do aubergiste in the town of Circassone, in the South of France. Lucille Montaigne had beauty and money, and Henri Du Barre had wit and talent; but these latter were no fair equivalent for the former in the eyes of the purse-proud father, who declared that no daughter of his should marry a poor man, though he were blessed with the wisdom of a Solomon.

Now Lucille loved Henri—at least she told him so—but she was too prudent to elope with him and risk disinheritance; for after all what was love without money?—poverty coming in at the door would send it flying through the window.

Poor Henri was in despair. He really did love Lucille, whether she did him or not—loved her madly, and he was one of those dark, fiery natures which makes love a wild, terrible passion.

How much money was necessary to make him her equal in the eyes of her worldly father? The aubergiste named the sum. It was large, and Henri sighed, and felt more despair at his heart than ever. Suddenly he brightened up with the recollection that he had youth and genius, and that in some large city, Paris, perhaps, where the latter would be appreciated, he might acquire both fame and fortune.

But would Lucille wait?—Well, Lucille was willing to wait awhile—for just then, as she admitted to herself, she could think of no one she liked better than the poor artist; but every thing earthly must have a limit, and the fair coquette thought her patience ought not to extend beyond a year.

A year is a very short time for a man to acquire fame and fortune, with the latter dependent on the former, but Henri was young, and youth is sanguine, and at all events he would make a trial, hoping for great things, knowing he could do no worse than fail.

So he finished his engagements hurriedly, declined any new ones, sold a few pictures on hand, for a moderate sum, gathered together his scanty effects, bade his friends and Lucille adieu, and with a hopeful but heavy heart, set off for the great metropolis of France.

It was a long, long journey from Circassone to Paris, in the slow conveyances of the period when Henri du Barre made it; and it was nearly two weeks before he reached the gay capital. And then he began his struggles with poverty; which clung to him in spite of his hopes, his exertions and his prayers, for six weary months, when he gave up in despair, and secretly left the city, to beg his way back to Circassone, to see his Lucille once more, bid her an eternal adieu, and end a life no longer of any value to its possessor.

Henri du Barre set out from Paris a foot and alone, depending solely upon the charity of French peasants for food and lodging. He had six sous in his pocket when he started, and these he invested in a deadly poison, which he carried as a dernier resort, determined not to suffer beyond what nature might reasonably bear, but which it was his hope to retain till he had again seen Lucille.

In this manner he reached and passed through Lyons, foot-sore, ragged and disheartened—an object indeed for commisseration. Twenty leagues beyond Lyons, in passing through a long, dark, lonely wood, he met a Jew, carrying a heavy pack on his back. The poor artist asked the Israelite for charity; his appeal was answered with a few coins, for which he thanked the giver, and then offered to carry his pack.

"Oh, no—it is nothing—it is nothing—a few old clothes only!" returned the Jew, hurriedly—so hurriedly, and with such evident uneasiness, in fact, as to awaken suspicion in the mind of the young artist that it contained something of great value.

Then it was that a wild, vague undefined desire to possess it first took possession of the man who was now going home to die wretchedly, but whom two thousand francs might yet bless with life and happiness. When the mind of man takes a highly criminal bent, it seems as if some evil demon whispers in his ear the most plausible reason for a wicked course to happiness.

Henri du Barre, who had never before thought of harming a human being now glanced furtively and almost shudderingly around him, with the dark and wicked thought in his brain, that if this old man were dead, and he the possessor of his pack, he might yet have a bright and happy future. It was a dreary, dismal spot in the thick wood where they both stood, and no human eye save theirs was looking upon the scene. Why should this old man be cumbered with wealth, which could not not bring to him one tithe of the joy that it might him who coveted its possession? He could not live many years, that old man, at the most, and he might die any minute, and his valuable effects become the inheritance of strangers! What mattered a few years, more or less, to him—a wandering and despised old Jew? And why should he, the poor, miserable artist, hesitate between the Jew's life and his own? Were not all living creatures bound by the inner law of their being to act in self-defence, even to the taking of life when necessary to sustain their own? And would he not die should the Jew live? And would he not live should the Jew then and there die? And even should the secret be discovered would it be anything worse than death at last? He had bought poison for himself, and why should not another take it for his salvation?—in which event he would have the means to procure more, and could always as now carry his life in his hands.

The Jew had bidden him good day, and was trudging onward at a slow, steady pace, while these wild, wicked thoughts were coursing through the brain of the latter, with all the plausibility of truth.

Suddenly the Jew stopped, produced a little flask, and raised it to his lips. Ah! that flask! The devil was tempting young Du Barre to crime, and here was the opportunity.

"My good friend," called the artist to the Jew, "I am very faint; will you give me a few drops of that wine?"

"I will give you half," said the Israelite, halting.

The artist advanced tremulously, produced the poison, and concealed it in his hand as he approached his victim, and, under pretence of wiping the mouth of the flask, dropped it in. Then he pretended to drink, and handed it back with thanks, begging the Jew to drink his health at their final parting. Isaac complied and they separated, each going different ways.

As soon as Henri was out of sight of the Israelite, he entered the wood, and returned in an oblique direction, until he came in sight of his victim, who was now writhing in the agonies of death, and groaning for mercy. A few minutes more and he was still—the dread work was done.

Dragging the body from the road, and concealing it, the murderer next carried the pack far back into the forest, tore it open, and found it did indeed contain old clothes. He was nearly frantic. He had murdered a harmless old man, and got nothing for it. He threw the garments from him with the wild action of remorse and despair.

Suddenly he heard a clink as of money. Then he began to examine the old garments, and found, to his almost mad joy, that they contained immense treasure in gold and jewels—diamonds, sapphires, pearls and rubies to the value, as he thought, of ten thousand francs, but in reality more than a hundred thousand.

Far in the depths of that dark wood, the murderer hid the most precious stones, to be brought forth in after time. There were two thousand five hundred francs in money; and with this amount he started for home, no longer a poor man, but alas! even further than ever from being a happy one.

He traveled in his ragged clothes as far as Nismes, fearful of spending one of his ill-acquired coins sooner; but at Nismes ventured to purchase a new and genteel suit and in this shortly appeared before Lucille, showed her father the sum required, which he represented as having been honestly in his profession, and claimed her hand.

In due time Henri Du Barre married Lucille Montaigne, and happy were all at the wedding but the guilty groom, who was never to know happiness again. He kept his awful secret, however, and profited by it, making an occasional journey to the dismal spot of his crime, under pretence of traveling on business. He took away and disposed of the jewels one by one, and gradually grew opulent, and was regarded by all who knew him as an honest man of mark.

But the remembrance of his great crime had a strange facination for him, and much of his time was spent in brooding over it in secret.

Being an artist, he at length naturally conceived the idea of painting the scene of the murder; and he finally drew it in miniature, on ivory, picturing himself in the act of dragging the dead body of the Jew into the forest whose features, from memory only, he delineated with wonderful fidelity. And as if this were not enough to satisfy his morbid infatuation he wrote underneath:

"Isaac, a Jew, murdered by Henri Du Barre, Artist, September the 10th, in a dark wood, about twenty leagues south from Lyons."

It was a strange, insane idea, that of preserving a memory of the horrible deed in this manner; but this miniature of the scene he had set in a neat little frame, and carried it in a belt around his waist.

But the strangest part of this horrible affair is yet to be told. On his last visit to the forest, for the last jewel that yet remained of the proceeds of his awful crime, he was shot dead by a highwayman, who, on searching his person, found the miniature, and recognized in the features of the murdered Jew—his own father!

This produced so strange an impression upon the second murderer, that he carried it to the authorities and made a full confession of his own crime. A full and thorough investigation took place; and among the papers of Du Barre was found one containing the statement of the whole transaction, as we have here recorded it.

The second murderer, the son of the Jew, was subsequently executed, and so ended the chain of dark and bloody events.

Truly, the ways of Providence are wonderful and mysterious.

TELLING SECRETS.—I must relate my first and last experiments in training my oldest boy to keep family secrets. He was a chatterbox, and as he often visited among strangers without me, I was fearful he would tell more than he should. So taking him on my knee I said—

"My dear, you must never tell anything we say, or let out any plans to any one—especially to Mrs. Jones?"

His quick mind comprehended me in an instant, and with a very confirmed look, he promised obedience. A few days after, he entered my room with an air of triumph, and said—

"Mamma, I minded you. Mrs. Jones asked me when you were going to New York, and I said, "I can't tell you, for my mamma don't wish you to know any of her plans!"

In my consternation I was tempted to reprove the innocent boy, but, upon a moment's thought I let the matter pass, knowing that it could not be explained or extenuated, and preferring to lose the friendship of Mrs. Jones, rather than sully his pure, trusting spirit with a lesson of worldly policy. When his younger brother, a more quiet boy, but equally fond of visiting, and a great pet and darling with all who knew him, because old enough to betray family secrets, I gave him no caution, but trusted him to his common sense.—One day, on returning from an errand at a neighboring house, he stood a while absorbed in thought, and then said—

"Mamma, what shall I say when people ask me "What is your mother doing?" and 'What did you have for dinner?'"

"What did you say, my dear?" said I.

"Why," said he, looking bashfully aside, "I say, 'I guess it is time for me to go?'"

David Crockett.

"Be sure you are right, and then go ahead," is a wise maxim attributed to one whose life was a continual illustration of the sentiment. Every one has heard of "David Crockett," the immortal backwoodsman of Tennessee—the "crack shot" of the wilderness—eccentric but honest member of Congress—the "hero of the Alamo"—yet few know his origin, his early struggles, and the general current of his life. History has but a few words concerning him, but tradition is garrulous over his many deeds.

David Crockett was born at the mouth of the Limestone River, Green county, East Tennessee, on the 7th of August, 1787.—His father was of Scotch-Irish descent, and took a prominent part in the war for Independence. It was all a wilderness around David's birth-place, and his son communed with nature in its unbroken wilderness from the beginning. He grew to young manhood without any education, from books other than he received in his own rude home. When only seven years of age, David's father was stripped of most of his property by fire. He opened a tavern in Jefferson county, where David was his main help until the age of twelve years. This vagrant life, full of incident and adventure, suited young Crockett, but becoming dissatisfied with his employer, he deserted him, and made his way back to his former home. After tarrying there a year, he ran away, joined a cattle merchant, and at the end of the journey in Virginia, he was dismissed, with precisely four dollars in his pocket. For three years he was "knocking about," as he expressed it, and then he sought his father's home again. He now enjoyed the advantages of a school for a few weeks, and finally, after several unsuccessful love adventures, he married an excellent girl, and became a father in 1810, when he was twenty-four years of age. He settled on the banks of Elk River, and was pursuing the quiet avocation of a farmer in summer, and the more stirring one of hunter in Autumn, when war was commenced with Great Britain in 1812. Crockett was among the first to respond to Gen. Jackson's call for volunteers, and under that brave leader he was engaged in several skirmishes and battles. He received the commission of Colonel at the close of the war, as a testimonial of his worth.—His wife had died while he was in the army, and several small children were left to his care. The widow of a deceased friend soon came to his aid, and in his second wife he found an excellent guardian for his children. Soon after his marriage he removed to Laurens county, where he was made Justice of the Peace, and was chosen to represent the district in the State Legislature. Generous, full of fun, possessing great shrewdness, and "honest to a fault," Crockett was very popular in the Legislature and among his constituents. In the course of a few years he removed to Western Tennessee, where he became a famous hunter. With the rough backwoodsmen there he was a man after our own hearts and he was elected to a seat in Congress in 1823, and again in 1830. When the Americans in Texas commenced their war of Independence, towards the close of the year 1835, Crockett hastened thither to help them, and at the storming of the Alamo, at Bexar, on the 6th of March, 1836, that eccentric hero was killed. He was then fifty years of age.

Mode of Administering a Judicial Oath to Chinese in California

On the 11th of July a batch of Celestials were arranged before Judge Creanor, in the District Court of Sonora, Tuolumne county, for the murder of one of their countrymen at Big Oak Flat, some months since. The Sonora *Democrat* thus describes a striking scene in Court during the trial:

When the witnesses were placed upon the stand, considerable difficulty was experienced with regard to their taking the required oath. The interpreter—an intelligent Chinaman, who took the obligation in the usual form—informed the Court that in order to administer an impressive oath to the witnesses, it would be necessary to conform to the custom of the Chinese, which was by cutting chickens' heads off and going through certain other ceremonies, such as burning paper, candles, etc. This announcement, it must be confessed, rather staggered the Court. Judge C. had never before been called on to do anything of the kind although he had seen ten years' active service on the bench in California, and it was somewhat of a poser with him how to go about it. Finally, after being satisfied that by no other means could they be made to understand the solemnity and import of an oath, the requisite number of shanghais were ordered, and pretty soon they made themselves heard in Court.

Then followed a scene which attracted the attention of all, and which we shall not soon forget.

The chickens were taken out on the balcony of the court-room, and there the half dozen witnesses repaired, after each received a piece of marked yellow paper, about the size of a man's hand. On the railing of the balcony, four colored candles—each six inches in length—were lighted, on the right and left of which were bundles of thin sticks, (we believe they are called Josh-sticks,) also on fire. Pretty soon, after all the preliminaries had been satisfactorily arranged, one of the Chinamen stepped forward, and after mumbling over some words, the exact meaning of which we failed to comprehend, knelt upon one leg, seized hold of a chicken with one hand, the hatchet with the other, and in a twinkling dealt the former a blow across the neck, which put an end to its earthly career. Then rising, immediately after the consummation of this bloody act, he bowed reverently three times before the lighted altar, which probably represented his Josh, lighted his yellow paper, cast it on the floor, and retired. Another came forward and went through the same operation, each sacrificing a chicken, until the whole number were thus sworn to tell "the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth," so help them Josh.—After this ceremony was over, the trial proceeded in the usual manner, with the exception of there being a little more gesticulating and loud jargon than is general in the Court. All this Joshing was very funny and novel to the "outside barbarians," who seemed to relish it greatly, although John was in no wise disconcerted at their eager curiosity and derisive smiles. It was one of the scenes which are not witnessed every day, even in California, and we doubt whether in any other State of the American Union, such a proceeding has ever transpired. Truly may it be said, that our people enjoy many sights to which their brethren of the Atlantic States are entire strangers.

Be calm and quiet in your life. You are not necessarily serviceable to others when you are troublesome to yourself.

THUNDER IN FEBRUARY.—Meeting an old friend from West Newbury, the other day, he reminded us of an affair that happened there some years since, over which we have enjoyed many a hearty laugh together. A gentleman residing in West Newbury, having missed a good many sticks from his wood-pile, his suspicions fell upon a well-to-do but miserly neighbor of his, whom he thought capable of the act. He resolved, accordingly, to resort to the old expedient of placing a heavy log in a tempting position, having first well charged it with gunpowder, not only in the centre, but in several minor crevices. Sure enough, the stick disappeared, and one looking very much like it "might have been seen," as James says, on the suspected gentleman's hearth on the ensuing Sunday. Before it, in a huge tin-kitchen, a turkey was browning itself into a climax. All of a sudden, a thundering explosion was heard, the tin-kitchen was blown into a thousand atoms, the dismembered turkey flew through the atmosphere, and the old tom-cat disappeared up the chimney. The old gentleman and his maiden sister were horribly "skeert," but not materially injured, and the former was the first to win his voice. "Sister," said he, "that ere was the loudest thunder I ever heard in February." The next day, the plotter of the mischief sent a tin pedlar to the depredator's house. "Want any tin ware?" said the Yankee. "No, no!" said the old gentleman, testily. "Why, yes you do," rejoined the pedler; "your memory must be dreadful short. Most all your neighbors say as how you want a tin-kitchen." A pair of tongs flew through the air, but the tin-pedler dodged and made "tracks." Looking in the window, he exclaimed, "Better hev it, now; it's a fust rate article—warrant it to stand most any climate, and all sorts of weather, from airth quakes down to thunder!"

FISHING FOR COMPLIMENTS.—"I really cannot sing, believe me, sir," was the reply of a young lady to the repeated requests of an empty fop. "I am rather inclined to believe, Madame," rejoined he, with a smirk, "that you are fishing for compliments."—"No, sir," exclaimed the lady, "I never fish in such a shallow stream."

HOW TO MEET SLANDER.—A blacksmith having been slandered, was advised to apply to the courts for redress. He replied, with true wisdom: "I shall never sue anybody for slander. I can go into my shop, and work out a better character in six months than I could get in a Court House in a year."

A CHARLESTON paper thinks that an Indian and his squaw, paddling down the Mississippi, are interesting specimens of canoebial felicity.

A YOUNG lady, when told to *exercise* for her health, said she would jump at an offer, and run her own risk.

Head-Quarters.

FIRST BRIG., FIRST DIV., S. C. M.
Greenville, S. C.

ORDER NO. ——

THE Regiments comprising this Brigade are hereby ordered to appear at the following times and places, for Review and Drill.

The 4th Regiment at Haynie's on the 13th September.

The 42d Regiment at Craig's on the 15th September.

The 2d Regiment at Hall's on the 18th September.

The 5th Regiment at Hunter's on the 20th September.

The 1st Regiment at Bruton's on the 22d September.

The commissioned and non-commissioned officers will appear the day previous to the Reviews of their respective Regiments, for Drill and Instruction.

Colonels of Regiments must make their Returns at the Reviews.

The Brigade Staff will be required to attend every Review in the Brigade.

Colonels of Regiments are charged with the extension of this Order. By order.

W. K. EASLEY, Brig. Gen.
H. LEE THURSTON, Brig. Maj.
Aug. 16 1860 3 td